

SIX
THE TIMES
THE DISPATCH
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WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1916.

Destruction of the Cymric
It is to be hoped that the continuance or severance of friendly relations with Germany will not be dependent on the case of the Cymric. Technically the torpedoing of the vessel may be indefensible, but actually the Cymric was a British warship. She carried no armament, perhaps, but she carried thousands of tons of ammunition for the British armies in the field. In essence, she was a transport of war supplies, wholly given over to that business. When the break with Germany comes—if it must come—we would like to have it based on an incident more clearly violative of American and human rights.

If music be the food of love, Cupid should now get his rations in Richmond.

Why Not Wash the Streets?
It was a kindly thought that inspired the Administrative Board to direct that the street sprinklers be placed in operation around the City Auditorium, so that attendants on the Wednesday Club's performances might approach that building in greater comfort. We endorse it heartily.

Nevertheless, our city fathers should not forget there are other sections of the city that sprinkling, at this season of the year, would greatly improve. The dust nuisance already is becoming trying to eyes, throats, noses and tempers. They say Richmond is one of the curliest parades of the eye, ear and throat specialist, and we common folk, between sniffs and sneezes, find it easy to believe.

The fact is we shall never have clean streets, or approximate them, until the streets are washed. That is, literally, the only way to lay the dust and float away the germs. Washing machines may do this work more efficiently than the ordinary fire hose, but the hose can do it. Why not give it a trial?

The German clocks around Verden are behind time instead of an hour ahead, as ordered by the Berlin schedule.

Good Gas for Less Money
CLEARLY it is to Richmond's advantage to purchase the modern coal gas plant recommended by Superintendent Knowles and approved by the Administrative Board. Such a plant, we are told, would cut the cost of gas production practically in half, and that saving, estimated on the basis of the present output, would pay interest and redemption charges on the investment and still furnish a handsome surplus.

However, there are a great many things that Richmond ought to do just about now, and it may not be feasible to apply \$400,000 to this particular purpose. In the meantime, no reason is apparent why the production cost of water gas should not be reduced by the elimination of the candle-power standard and the substitution of a standard based on British thermal units. Baltimore and other cities have effected this reform.

It means, of course, the substitution of mantle lights for that flame burners. The candle power of Richmond gas is supplied, at considerable expense, for the benefit of an inconsiderable proportion of gas consumers, who cling to the old and wasteful method in their homes. The greatest good of the greatest number requires a change.

Brother Copeland says he remembers distinctly the first time he kissed a girl. We wonder whether the old lady is still living to enjoy the memory.

Taxing Foreign-Owned Bonds
MEMBERS of the Investment Bankers' Association are aggrieved that the Secretary of the Treasury has announced a purpose, the legal propriety of which he says is supported by a recent Supreme Court decision, to collect the income tax "on income accruing to nonresident aliens in the form of interest from the bonds and dividends on the stock of a domestic corporation."
The law imposes the tax on "the entire net income from property owned in the United States by persons residing elsewhere," but Attorney-General McReynolds, in October, 1913, held that this did not apply to the income from bonds, executed by a resident or citizen of the United States, or secured by a mortgage on real estate in the United States, when such bonds are held abroad.

The Investment Bankers' Association thinks it is very wrong for Secretary McAdoo to reverse the ruling of the Attorney-General, the more especially when he will not point out the exact respect in which the Supreme Court decision he relies on can be made to apply. That, we assume, is a matter between the President and his subordinate. The Attorney-General is merely another department chief, and if the President does not care to be bound by his law officer's rulings, he certainly does not have to be.

On the broad question, it would seem to the layman that the Secretary of the Treasury is right. The law subjects the entire net income from property in the United States, owned by foreigners, to the payment of the income tax. Why stocks and bonds should be treated differently from other foreign-owned property is difficult to understand. If a nonresident owns land in this country, he pays taxes to the city and to the State where it is situated, and on the net revenues he pays an income tax to the national government. If he owns the copyright of a book or play,

he pays, or should pay, an income tax on his American royalties. Why should there be a different rule as to stocks and bonds?

At any rate, the Secretary of the Treasury thinks the courts should pass on the case. We can see no objection, legal or moral, to his conclusion. The ruling of an Attorney-General, however eminent, is not conclusive forever of the rights of the national government.

Colonel Roosevelt liked to boast of his corking times, but when an editor accused him of having some uncorking times he sued the fellow for libel.

National Guard on Trial
PRESIDENT WILSON'S action in calling out the National Guard of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico is a natural outcome of the tangled situation on the border. The whole mobile army of the United States embraced in the regular establishment has been shown to be insufficient to do the work of punishing scattered bands of bandits and protecting American territory against violation at their hands.

This insufficiency had become so apparent, despite the gallant exploits of the men under the command of General Funston and General Pershing, that it was no longer to be questioned. "The possibility grows," said The Times-Dispatch yesterday, discussing editorially the situation along the Rio Grande, "that some portion of the National Guard will have a chance to see active service in the field." Within a few hours the President had ordered the Texas, Arizona and New Mexico contingents to the colors.

There is more than one reason why this development is to be welcomed. In the first place, it will help to supply protection to long neglected stretches of the long border line. It will safeguard little villages and isolated ranches, that have offered themselves, without the possibility of effective resistance, to the attacks of Mexican outlaws. In the second place, it will afford the country an opportunity to determine, by actual trial under some of the conditions of warfare, how effective the National Guard really is. In the third place, it may encourage enlistments and a more active spirit of preparedness in the National Guard of other States, for none can tell when there will be new requirements in Mexico and new calls to the colors. Unless patriotism is dead, young men in every city and hamlet of the land will signify now their readiness to play a man's part in their country's defense.

In the meantime, Ambassador Arredondo makes the flat charge that the Glenn Springs raid was financed and organized within the United States, and its perpetrators supplied with arms and information from this side the line. He names Antonio Villareal, formerly one of Villa's generals, as the active agent of the American plotters to force intervention. These charges, according to Washington dispatches, are being investigated by General Funston. If they are true, they are of the highest importance. If Americans are guilty of this peculiarly despicable crime, there is no punishment too great for them. President Wilson already has declared that the government is in possession of proof of similar activities by American citizens. He should keep it secret no longer. Unprovoked treason is not a pretty offense at any time, but in the special circumstances of our clash with Mexico and Mexicans, it is as contemptible as it is hideous.

Still, in the face of all these things, the House and Senate conferees continue to jockey and squabble over the army bill. The House members of the conference committee are to blame, for they are blocking the way to adequate preparedness. Unless they mend their gait, they will wake up on some not distant morning to find a storm of popular execration beating about their ears.

If Germany treats any agreement with the United States as a scrap of paper, there will be a scrap, not of paper.

The Great Roosevelt Myth
It affords pleasure to inform our correspondent from Farmville why we continue to discuss the mental and physical gyrations and the moral idiosyncrasies of Theodore Roosevelt. It is because, as our correspondent suggests, we do not think he is a "dead one." The great Roosevelt myth yet wears the appearance of reality to a considerable and, in some cases, otherwise intelligent section of the American public.

We continue to oppose him because we believe his influence on the thought and the politics of this people almost wholly bad. He considers himself a law unto himself. He refuses to be bound, in his political activities, by the moral code of other men. He has shown himself capable of ingratitude almost incredibly base. His treatment of Taft, if there were nothing else to his discredit, should earn him the contempt of those who place loyalty to proved friendship among the virtues that distinguish every true man.

He "took" Panama and yet condemned Germany for "taking" Belgium. He approved the foreign policy of President Wilson—and then, changing front, made an unfair paraphrase of it the basis of bitter attacks. A political opportunist, he embraces every fad and craze that wins temporary popularity—and abandons them, as he does his political allies, as soon as their popularity begins to wane. A proclaimed foe to the "malefactors of great wealth," he has rarely lacked the support of these "malefactors"—and if he should be the Republican candidate for the presidency in the next campaign, he will have that support again.

He has much personal force and magnetism and large abilities, of course, and thereby has hypnotized a following. Fortunately for this country, that following diminishes, as thinking men of the Rooseveltian cult rub their eyes and begin to apply to their former hero the acid tests of human conduct. Tried in the balance, he is found wanting. The great Roosevelt myth begins to crumble and disintegrate. To aid that consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is a task to which The Times-Dispatch applies itself diligently. When the myth disappears, as in the process of time all myths will, we shall have never another word to say.

The New York man who named fourteen correspondents in his divorce suit probably made an honest effort to tell the whole truth.

At this season, many people are partly prepared to undertake bee culture. They have the hive.

Rural credit is a fine thing, but most farmers would prefer to see a little rural cash.

If money flies, Vincent Astor ought to capture the aeroplane speed record.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

A Dystander's View.
The kowns the pretty maidens wear
In this warm season of the year
To modest men like me appear
To be a trifle shocking;
They aren't intended to conceal
This fact, with others, they reveal—
They stop so far above the heel
They show just lots of stocking.

They're built of gauze and net and things
So frail their aspect always brings
Fear that unlucky happenings
May rend them quite asunder;
While to mere man's untutored eye—
Kept open as fair maids drift by—
There seems of clothes no great supply
Such webbed creations under.

Of course, it's no affair of mine.
So criticism I resign.
Content my interest to confine
To quite respectful glances.
And yet it does appear to me
These pretty maidens that I see,
Garbed as they are, do certainly
Take some tremendous chances.

The Psalmist Says:
The fool and his money are soon parted—
which is one of the luckiest things that could possibly happen to the money.

Shakespeare Day by Day.
For the too sophisticated:
"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"
Fie on it! Oh, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed!" —Hamlet, I, 2.

For the prohibitionist: "Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" —Othello, II, 3.

For the British in Flanders:
"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!" —King Henry V, II, 4.

For the ready of seen on the side:
"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it!" —Love's Labor's Lost, V, 2.

Fearless of Consequence.
Grubbs—I never realized until now what a convinced optimist Binks is.

Stubbs—What made you form your new estimate of him?

Grubbs—The fact that he is trying to raise chickens, roses and two bull pups all on the same lot.

His Literary Needs.
"I have here," said the unannounced visitor, "a monumental work on the great war, describing its causes and consequences, its battles and sieges, its victories and losses, its great leaders and conspicuous heroes, etc."

"Take it away," said the intended victim, crossly. "I attended a meeting of the Woman's Culture Club the other evening, and I know so much about the great war it gives me a mental indigestion. However, I am in the market for a statistical compilation of the big-league batting averages and a treatise on how to make two dollars grow where only one has grown before."

Not Sufficient.
She (soulfully)—O Mr. Flubdub! do you ever yearn to have the wings of a dove?
He (practically)—Not very often. When I am not very hungry, however, I can get along with the wings of a turkey.

May in Europe.
In the orchard snowdrops bloom.
Lilies, lilacs, lend perfume;
Sunshine drives away the shadows, scattering
The mist and gloom;
Jeweled blossoms shed the dew,
Spilling diamond drops on you;
Carpet of an emerald hue, fastened down by
Daisies too.

Death has claimed the flower of youth.
Europe wakens to the truth—
Rain, silent suffering, life and death so near
this spring.

Peeping through the canopy
of the leaves, the sunbeams play;
Birds are singing as they fly, all of nature
harmonies.

From a thousand feathered throats
Music rising all around,
Woodland choristers call mates, flute-like,
answers echoing sound.

All the glories of the spring,
All that summertime may bring,
Cannot wipe away her sorrow, cannot speak a
glad to-morrow.

Europe's youth are dead and dying;
Women widows, children crying;
All the flowers that grow in May growing on
her graves to-day.

C. WHITLOCKE COLE,
Baltimore, Md., May 6.

To-Day's Best Hand-Picked Joke.
Nurse—Wouldn't you like to go to heaven,
Bobbie, and wear a nice gold crown?
Bobbie—Not if the dentist is going to put
it on.—Facts and Fancies.

Where He Shines.
Though Theodore may like too well
To talk with gusto through his hat,
He knows how his own goods to sell—
You've simply gotter hand him that.

Chats With Virginia Editors
"Oh, yes," says the Sandy Valley News, "we like to hear you talk good roads, but we'd heap rather see you get out and hustle 'em along." Some practical sense in that remark.

Here is a very suggestive little paragraph from the West Point News: "There is nothing which will shelve a politician so quick as to lose a fight. There will be a few for sale cheap in West Point on May 24."

The Blackstone Courier says: "A Richmond doctor reports attending the birth of 211 babies last year. He is rather a dangerous fellow to be storking abroad." And yet not an unusual kind of a doctor for Richmond.

The Chase City Progress has about lost its patience. Its latest conclusion, being expressed in the following: "We don't look for peace in Europe until somebody has been thoroughly whipped—and that looks like it might be a long way off."

The newspapers won't let them rest, even when they try to. The Norfolk Virginian-Post says: "Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth," says the proverb. A fact for which we give renewed thanks every time we think of T. R. and W. J. B."

Evidently anticipating the political campaign soon to be in full blast, the Urbanna Sentinel remarks: "The fellow who speaks his mind on all occasions is liable to have more bumps on his head than the fellow who attends to his own business and expresses his opinion only when called upon."

Norfolk will in time have a permanent May Festival. It is going to have one this May, anyhow. The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch, after copying from the editorial column of The Times-Dispatch to show what a big thing the May Festival has been to Richmond and expressing the opinion that Norfolk can go and do like it, says: "The hope is that there may be a yearly recurrence of this musical event. A number of public-spirited citizens of Norfolk

have made the festival possible this year. The response of the public is gratifying, showing that the city and section are ready for high-class music, the tendency of which is to improve and elevate. Richmond has for many years had an annual music festival, and has proven to be a great thing for the capital city."

Getting back to the thought it is so intensely interesting to a shipyard town, the Newport News Times-Herald says: "No matter how it turns out, the German note has brought us once more face to face with the dismal fact that the United States is utterly unprepared to fight a nation like Germany. How long shall we continue to be a peace-loving, peace-loving, stupidly beyond comprehension. We are living like fools in a fools' paradise."

News of Fifty Years Ago
(From the Richmond Dispatch, May 10, 1866.)

At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, held last night, the following officers were elected: For the ensuing year: president, A. Snyder; vice-presidents, H. Lee, Powell, G. L. Hays, A. Bolling, J. W. Waring, treasurer, J. H. Moore; librarian, R. R. Howerson; registrar, J. R. Moore; corresponding secretary, R. F. Howard; recording secretary, J. H. Howard; J. H. Howard, Charles H. Winston, T. Roberts Baker, R. R. Wellford, Jr., James A. Gordon and W. Willis, Jr.

The Literary Society of Washington College, at Lexington, has sent forth an appeal for financial aid to restore the library of that institution, which was burned by the Federal troops when they made that famous raid on Lexington. The book of the firm of Loeb Brothers, starts with a cash contribution of \$50. May many others go and do likewise.

The seventy-third anniversary of the Richmond Blues will be celebrated to-day. The survivors and the new members will assemble at the City Hall at 10 A. M., march to Hollywood Cemetery and decorate the graves of deceased comrades buried there, and then return to the city. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there will be the anniversary dinner at the Grand Hotel. Captain C. P. Bigger's appeal for flowers with which to decorate the graves of deceased comrades has met with a ready and liberal response from ladies all over the city.

Grubbs & Williams yesterday sold at auction the lot of the northeast corner of Cary and Second streets, fronting fifty feet on Cary and running back 150 feet on Second to a wide alley, for \$100 per front foot, which was considered a good price. Rev. B. Taylor was the purchaser. It was a cash sale.

In the city election in Petersburg yesterday, Charles T. Collier was elected Mayor; John H. Patterson, sergeant-at-large; Gordon, Chamberlain, and Thomas F. Drinkard, collector. Another M. K. K. was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis spent yesterday in Norfolk, having come over to that city from Portsmouth, Monday morning. She was accompanied to private business, mostly in the dry-goods stores, saw and shook hands with many friends, and extended her usual cordial welcome to the Baltimore evening boat. Judge Underwood reached Norfolk yesterday, and will commence the May term of the United States Circuit Court this morning. There is said to be a very large docket to occupy the attention of the court. The grand jury, which, almost as a matter of course, is called into session, has not yet been summoned. It may never be.

To-day is the third anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson. The people of Richmond have not forgotten the sad day. The Oakwood Memorial Association of ladies wisely selected to-day for the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead in Oakwood Cemetery. The Richmond Blues will go to Hollywood Cemetery to decorate the graves of deceased comrades, and to-night General Colston will deliver in the lecture-room of Dr. Duncan's Hall his lecture on "Personal Recollections of Stonewall Jackson."

In the United States House of Representatives yesterday, Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, moved to amend the constitution so as to extend suffrage to all races, and to give the vote to all who should be disposed of the motor. A lengthy discussion followed. Thad Stevens spoke in opposition to the motion and in the course of his remarks, said: "The committee want to put the idea that the votes of the colored people in rebellion should be counted in the adoption of the amendment." The House refused to postpone.

A bill to move the United States Circuit Court from Norfolk to Richmond passed the House yesterday, and will probably come up in the Senate to-day. It is said that it was introduced and is being pushed through in accordance with the wishes of Chief Justice Chase, who expects to be called upon early to preside on the bench in a very important case in that court. Of course, this means the case of Mr. Davis.

The Voice of the People

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should not be over 250 words in length, and the name and address of the writer must accompany each communication, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Our friends are asked to write on one side of the paper, and to inclose stamps if the return of unavailable manuscripts is expected.

And Here Is Another Sufferer:
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—From time to time I have read letters from your readers in which Colonel Roosevelt is the topic discussed.

I am now and always have been a staunch admirer of the Colonel, and I consider him by far the greatest living American statesman. I admire him for his versatility, his practical ability, his unflinching courage, his genuine patriotism, and his love of his country. In making (not simply requesting) the peoples of all nations respect the Stars and Stripes and the Union, he is supposed to be under the protection of our flag.

Your editorial policy seems to be to say every word you can say about the Colonel. Roosevelt. You print slurring editorials about him; you reprint editorials and remarks from other papers that are antagonistic to him; you reproduce ludicrous cartoons in which he is made to appear ridiculous, and in every conceivable manner you try to convey the impression that he is a sales agent for a great American statesman who will go down in history as one of the greatest men that this country has produced.

Now, if you do sincerely believe that Ex-President Roosevelt is a "dead one" politically, to the extent that you would have us believe in your editorials and comments, then why, pray, do you continue to devote so much valuable space in your paper to belittle his every word and act? Personally, I do not believe that he is a "dead one," and I am inclined to think that you do not sincerely believe so, either.

You are perfectly right to not admire the Colonel or his policies, but it seems to me that if you cannot boast him, then you should at least say so. And especially when you say that he is a "dead one."

Farmville, Va., May 8.
L. D. W.

Queries and Answers

Brummel.
Please tell me what was the full name of Beau Brummel.
A. George Bryan Brummel.

Elevation at Post-Office.
Please tell me the elevation of the street at the Richmond post-office.
CHARLES E. TAYLOR.
Ninety-seven feet above mean high tide.

Around the Globe.
Will you inform me what is now the record time for a trip around the earth?
MISS R.
So far as we have been able to ascertain, the time of J. H. Mearns, 25 days, 21 hours, 35-45 minutes.

Voting in Virginia.
What residence is required of a voter in Virginia?
THOMAS W. STREET.
Two years in the State, of which the last must be spent in the city or county and the last thirty days in the voting precinct.

Hon. Fund.
Please give an address to which application may be made for a medal, etc., for heroism.
The secretary of the Carnegie Hero Fund, Mr. P. M. Wilmet, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Are there any Dutch in Richmond?
Is there any institution except the Soldiers' Home where helpless old men are cared for in Richmond?
C. F.

The census of 1910 gives eighteen. There is a Dutch Home, an excellently administered institution, at the city of Dutch Settlement, the Poor, as fine a charity as may be found anywhere.

Will He Do It?
One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



MEMORIAL TO A GREAT AMERICAN
BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9.—A proclamation just issued by President Wilson sets aside a tract of land in central New Mexico for a national monument. The tract is to be known as the Bandelier National Monument. To-day a few Americans the name of Bandelier means little or nothing. Yet Adolph Bandelier was one of our great men, a man whose career was as colorful and adventurous as that of any medieval knight-errant, a man who accomplished things that are destined to live, who occupied a unique place as an American historian and an American author.

Have you ever read a novel called "The Delight-Makers"? The chances are that you have not. The book was published twenty-six years ago, ran through two small editions, and to-day is out of print. It is practically impossible to secure a copy now. Yet "The Delight-Makers" is one of the most remarkable contributions to American literature—nothing less than a romance whose scene and plot are laid in pre-Columbian days, whose characters are all Pueblo Indians. They are drawn not from the imagination, but from flesh and blood. For that was Bandelier's great work—the reconstruction of a vanished age, a study of its living remnants. In that work he braved his perils, risked his life scores of times.

Bandelier laid the foundation for a real history of our Indian and Spanish Southwest. He lived among the Indians for years, leading their rude life, sharing their food and their hardships, speaking their language, adopting in turn their traits. He had the mind of a scholar and a scientist with the temper of a pioneer.

He traveled on foot and horseback over the wildest regions of the Southwestern United States forty years ago, when the Indians of that section were still on the warpath. He carried no weapons, but a hatchet and a knife, and he was graduated for making measurements. He was beset repeatedly by hostile Indians, and once only saved his life by playing on a well-known Indian superstition, which he believed to be insane. The Indians have a superstitious fear of insanity, and will never harm a lunatic.

Caught in Winter Blizzard.
On another occasion he was stricken by a blizzard on one of his solitary journeys and almost perished. Again he was caught in a winter blizzard on the great plains of Eastern New Mexico. Two companions who were with him succumbed to the cold, but Bandelier's own physical strength and determination pulled him through after a ninety-mile ride and a thirty-five-mile walk through deep snow. He was nearly frozen, but he survived.

He found something that could forward his work, regardless of risk. Danger from hostile Indians, from hunger or exposure had no terrors for him. His one fear for a time was that he would fall from his horse at the point of death. At the last moment his life was saved by a party from Santa Fe who had set out to look for him.

The unique feature of Bandelier's work was the method he employed. He had the typical scientific temperament—exact, patient and careful, willing to pay any price for truth. But he believed that the truth was to be found among the living Indians and their communities, as well as in old ruins and dusty documents. So he went and lived among them. He collected and carefully collected and collated their traditions and stories. He exploded a score of established and erroneous beliefs by this method.

For instance, the tract just set aside as the Bandelier National Monument includes certain old cliff dwellings near Santa Fe, N. M. It was long believed that the inhabitants of these caves in the rock belonged to a race since dead and vanished. Romantic tradition ascribed all manner of improbable characteristics to these people. Bandelier proved that the cliff-dwellers were simply the forefathers of the present Pueblo Indians, and very much the same sort of people. He gleaned his evidence while living in the pueblos of Cochiti, of Zuni and Isleta. He was made a member of the tribe at Cochiti. The scene of his novel, "The Delight-Makers," is laid in these old cliff dwellings, and the characters are drawn from real Isleta Indians, whom he knew intimately.

Exploded Historical Myths.
In the same way all manner of myths relating to life in the southwest before the landing of Columbus. He laid the foundation for a real history of one of the most romantic and colorful sections of the United States. The work he did later in Peru and Bolivia was of the same nature. By living among the Indians there he showed that many of the accepted romantic notions of the ancient Incas were founded on nothing more than the imagination of Indians and old Spanish chroniclers. He did more than tear down accepted beliefs; he worked until he found the truth to put in their places.

The importance of Bandelier's contribution to the sciences of history and archaeology can hardly be overestimated. It seems one of the satirical whims of circumstance that a man of his caliber and accomplishments should be comparatively so little known. Yet this fact is due in no small part to his own character. He had a great dislike for ostentation and publicity. He even disliked having any title, such as "doctor" or "professor" attached to his name. "I profess nothing," he would say, or "I'm in good health; don't doctor me. If you must put a handle to my name, call me Mister." He was of a retiring type, being rather exclusive by nature. But wherever he lived for any time in the course of his work, as at Santa Fe, he made many warm friends.

The story of Bandelier's life is a striking example of how a man will find the line of work for which he is naturally fitted in spite of circumstances. He did not make his first expedition until he was almost forty years old. He was born in Switzerland, but came to the United States as a small child. His father was engaged in a banking and general import business in Highland, Ill., where he was Swiss consul as well. Bandelier early showed the remarkable aptitude for languages that was to stand him in good stead later. When he was eight years old he was writing French and German letters for his father's consular office.

He learned English rapidly, and also taught himself Spanish. In later life he became so proficient in this language that he was frequently taken for a native of Latin America. Most of his immense stock of general knowledge he delved out for himself, for he never attended school after his eighth year. He was a tireless worker, for he believed that a man in the field could not afford to be a specialist. He must be at once a historian, an archaeologist, an ethnologist and an anthropologist. Bandelier attained.

Distinguished for His Memory.
He was always distinguished for his remarkable memory. From 1909 to 1911 he suffered from what was practically a temporary blindness, due to cataracts. During this period he went on with his work with such vigor and energy that he had little or no trouble in locating references in his large library. He almost always when he wanted a particular book or document referred to it without hesitation by volume, even by the number of the page that contained it.